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A FINNISH RUNE.

Rendered into English by FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

Name not my name with the names of the singers,
Magical dreamers, great rune-weavers!
Not from within can I weave wild music,
'Tis from without that I weave sweet music.
Blossoms and brooks and birds and branches,
I can but sing what your voices sing me,
Borne on the winds and the rushing waters!
Could I, afar, through the wide world wander,
Far from the cares and the chains that crush me,
Then would I lull the wild sea to slumber,
Sing the wild sea to a lake of silver,
Lull the wild voice of the storm to silence,
Sing the gray sea-foam to milk and honey,
Were mine the magical power of the singers,
Musical rhymers, great rune-weavers!
Were mine the wondrous spell of the singers,
Golden hay-ricks should stand in the meadow,
Pease on the shelves, in the press, fine linen;
Fragrant fruit-trees should flower in the orchard,
Red-ripe apples should stud the green branches,
Rainbow dew-bloom on every ripe apple,
Cuckoos sipping the rainbow-bright dew-bloom,
Pearls in showers from their silver beaks falling,
Strings of pearl for my pretty wife's girdle.

Were mine the godlike power of the singers,
I would invoke, with songs of enchantment,
Love, health, beauty, justice, truth, plenty,
Joy to each heart, and peace to each hamlet,
Were mine the wonderful spell of the singers,
Magical, musical, strong rune-weavers!

FRANZ LISZT.¹

(Concluded from page 161.)

Already, during his travelling and virtuoso life, Liszt had produced a respectable series of works, which, written for the piano, were intended to serve the immediate purpose of his virtuosity; but simultaneously with the new, and, compared with all before his time, unheard of technical perfection which they founded, these works for the most part gave expression to a poetic element. Such were his studies and transcriptions (particularly of Schubert's songs,) his Paraphrases, Fantaisies, and Polonaises, his "Hungarian Rhapsodies," the "Consolations," "Années de Pèlerinage," "Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses," the piano arrangements and transcriptions of the Beethoven Symphonies, and of the *Symphonie Fantastique* of Berlioz, as well as of works of Wagner, Rossini, Weber, Schubert, Bach, and others, in which he has achieved something inimitable.

And now, during his residence in Weimar, larger and more comprehensive musical deeds were ripening. Liszt now came forward as the master of great orchestral forms, and astonished the musical world with his twelve "Symphonic Poems." Wholly new appearances of their kind, they were both in idea and form his most unique creations. He takes

some poetic theme, some fiction, some poetic character or incident for a ground thought, and, winning from it its musical sides, reproduces it in musical expression. The outward form grows out of the subject matter; it is as multifarious as the theme itself, and is more related to the overture than to the symphony. The sonata form, on which the latter rests, showed itself not elastic enough for the reception of a new poetic content representing a continuous progress of ideas, and so Liszt seized upon the free form of variations, as Beethoven had used it in the vocal movement of his Ninth Symphony—the point of departure for Liszt's collective instrumental writing. Out of one or two contrasted themes—or *Leitmotive*n, if you will—he develops a whole succession of the most various moods, which through rhythmic and harmonic changes appear in ever new forms, corresponding to the three-fold law of alternation, contrast, climax.

This law, on which rests the principle of the sonata structure, is valid also here, in spite of the thematic unity and the one-movement form which leads to a freer construction of periods; indeed, the outlines of the four traditional movements are more or less discernible, although condensed. In his two grandest and most comprehensive instrumental poems, "Dante" and "Faust," which he entitled symphonies, Liszt preserved the independent division into movements, but within that division he manages matters in his own way. In both, which reproduce in tones the most profound poetic works that we possess—the *Divina Commedia* and Goethe's *Faust*—he has, again following the example of the Ninth Symphony, introduced choruses in the concluding movement. To the single movements he has given explanatory titles (for instance, Faust, Gretchen, Mephistopheles), as also to his symphonic poems, to make it easier to understand them and enjoy them; and he has prefixed programmes to explain the progress of ideas which he has essentially followed in their creation. In these he gives us either independent little poems, such as the verses of Victor Hugo and of Lamartine, for the "Mountain Symphony," for "Mazeppa" and the "Preludes," or an allusion to well-known larger poems, as in "Tasso" and "Prometheus," or he introduces us in "Orpheus" to a familiar mythical person, and in the "Heldenklage" lets us anticipate the great historical event there celebrated. The "Festival Sounds" and "Hungaria," as also "Hamlet," "The Battle of the Huns" (after Kaulbach), and "The Ideals" (after Schiller), he has left without programme, since he believed the title a sufficient indication of the ideas which guided him.

It is just this poetico-musical double nature of Liszt's orchestral creations, combined with their novelty of form (simply a result of their ideal contents) that has made them hard to understand, and, through their uncommonly exacting claims upon the public, has operated against their wide diffusion. In spite of their instrumental splendor, of the harmonic and contrapuntal art which they reveal, an opposition has fastened itself upon

them, such as his piano compositions, serving the purpose of his virtuosity, had not experienced. But this opposition could not prevent the poetic tendency of Liszt from gaining ascendancy in all kinds of music, or from a steady progress in their popular recognition. Indeed, have not the most taking of his symphonic poems, like the "Preludes," "Tasso," "Orpheus," etc., and others of his instrumental works, like his piano concertos, which are based upon the same principle of thematic unity, already found their way into all concert halls? And are not his songs, also, and his church compositions heard with growing favor?

In the song, Liszt represents the carrying out of the poetic principle to its extremest consequences. The musician subordinates himself completely to the poet; a free declamatory element prevails, resembling Wagner's song-speech ("Sprechgesang"). I need only mention here the beautiful "Ich liebe Dich" (from Rückert); while, on the contrary, the most popular of all Liszt's songs, "Es muss ein Wunderbares sein," approaches the older song form the most nearly.

The poetic-character principle which Liszt has followed in the song and in his productions generally, the thematic unity principle which pervades his instrumental works, asserts its full right also in his compositions for the church. The *Leitmotive*n (leading motives), out of which Wagner weaves the web of his musical drama, Liszt now makes available for the first time in the mass and oratorio. He turns to their advantage all the modern conquests of instrumentation and of the free play of form. Here also, true to the necessities of his nature, he creates what is new and great. As everywhere else, so also here, where his problem has been nothing less than the regeneration of the Catholic church music, he has given with full hands. Out of the fullness of his gifts we can only allude here to the mass for the Gran festival; to the Hungarian Mass for the coronation of the Austrian Imperial pair at Pesth; to the *Missa Choralis*, the Mass and the Requiem for male voices, the Psalms and Hymns, and the oratorios "Saint Elizabeth" and "Christus." This last named work, a creation full of incomparable originality and spiritual depth, is Liszt's most powerful achievement in the sphere of ecclesiastical art.

But the greater number of his religious compositions germinated not in Weimar, but in Roman soil. When, in December, 1859, the opera "The Barber of Bagdad," by Cornelius, a pupil of the master, fell through, the victim of a coterie opposed to Liszt, the latter retired from the direction forever. Moreover, since Dingelstedt became intendant of the Weimar theatre, the chief weight in the management of that stage was put upon the drama, while at the same time the foundation of the school of painting claimed too large a share out of the court budget to allow what would be required for the support of an opera and orchestra worthy of a Liszt. Suffice it to say, in 1861 he left Weimar and betook himself to Rome. There he received, on April 22, 1865, from Cardinal Hohenlohe, in the

¹ We translate from the article: "Franz List, a Musical Character Portrait," by LA MARA, in the *Gartenlaube*.

Vatican Chapel, the consecration which gave him the rank of an Abbat, to which has lately been added the dignity of a Canon.

But the favorite of Pio Nono remained still true to his artistic calling. Since 1869 he has returned once a year for several months to Weimar, taking up his abode there in the "Hofgärtnerei." Since then he has lived alternately in Rome, Weimar, and Pesth, where he formally entered upon his office as president of the Academy of Music in February, 1876.

We must count it among the finest merits of Liszt, that he has paved the way to publicity for innumerable aspirants, as he always shows an open heart and open hands to all artistic strivings. He is the first and most active furtherer of the Bayreuth enterprise, and the chief founder of the "Allgemeinen Deutschen Musikervereins." And for how many humanitarian objects has he not exerted his artistic means! If during his earlier virtuosic career he made his genius serve the advantage of others far more than his own,—saving out of the millions that he earned only a modest sum for himself, while he alone contributed many thousands for the completion of Cologne Cathedral, for the Beethoven monument at Bonn, and for the victims of the Hamburg conflagration—so since the close of his career as a pianist his public artistic activity has been exclusively consecrated to the benefit of others, to artistic undertakings, or to charitable objects. Since the end of 1847, not a penny has come into his own pocket either through piano-playing and conducting, or through teaching. All this, which has yielded such rich capital and interest to others, has cost only sacrifice of time and money to himself.

So also in his literary labors, in his celebrated works on "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "F. Chopin," "Robert Franz," and in his miscellaneous essays, he has exhibited, apart from the splendor of the exposition, and the wealth of intellectual ideas and points of view, this fine trait of his nature: this of lending the weight of his authority to things beautiful and great which were not understood, and thereby helping toward their better understanding. Therefore, from whatever side we contemplate this fruitful artist life, it shows us the exalting image not only of a great, but also one of the noblest of men.

MUSIC AT THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES.

[From Education.]

It is much to be regretted that at Oxford and Cambridge, although their respective Faculties of Music are of tolerably ancient date, there is no university school of music at which undergraduates desiring to take musical degrees can put themselves through a regular and defined course of training. It is true that at either university a few good musicians can be found of whose private tuition men are able to avail themselves, but practically nothing is done by the university authorities in the way of providing a recognized curriculum for such as are desirous of preparing for the musical profession. Beyond

prescribing the work to be done for the preliminary and degree examinations, the universities have had little to say hitherto as to the mode in which the student is to acquire experience, as well as technical efficiency. Residents at Oxford or Cambridge have no frequent opportunity of hearing standard orchestral works performed by first-class bands. In both the university towns there are very creditable amateur orchestras, but of these can hardly be expected the perfection of skill to be met with at the operas, or at the Crystal Palace, and other important London concerts. When, therefore, any newly-made Doctor of Music is called upon to perform his degree-exercise at Oxford (the performance of the exercise is no longer required at Cambridge) he is compelled, at his own very serious expense, to engage the greater part of his orchestra in London, and convey them to the university. The time of professional orchestral players being very valuable, the candidate is constrained to hurry over the rehearsals, and hence it is that as a rule the exercise is imperfectly performed, and becomes at once an infliction upon the audience and a source of *chagrin* to the composer. We cannot see, therefore, what purpose of art these degree performances may be said to serve, unless it be to call attention to the lamentable lack of musical resources at the university.

Even in respect of church music, the ancient nursing-mothers of the arts can boast but little. The chapels of Trinity and King's at Cambridge, and of Magdalen and New at Oxford, still maintain their old reputation, but of the main body of college choirs the less said the better. Very little interest appears to be taken in the college services, or, indeed, in any musical matter, by the heads and Fellows of colleges in general, and as these together form the actual governing body of either university, we can hardly hope that the initiative steps towards reform will be taken by the universities themselves. External pressure must be brought to bear upon them; they must be made to feel that the art of music has claims upon them which they are bound to treat with respect, and that they have little moral right to hold examinations in a subject to the study of which they give no practical encouragement. Each university possesses its professor of music; but neither professor is resident, and the duties of each are limited to about half-a-dozen lectures per annum, and attendance at a half-yearly examination. It may reasonably be said that the universities could hardly compel the residence of musicians of such eminence as Sir Frederick Onseley and Dr. Mcfarren; but in such a case they should be prepared to pay for their indulgence in a luxury by appointing well-qualified deputies to look after the well-being of the art within university precincts throughout the year. The lectures should be as frequent and numerous as those in other departments of science; while the practical studies should be cultivated under the eye of competent authorities armed with the direct sanction of the university. With the latter object, each university ought to subsidize a

small but complete and efficient orchestra, for the illustration of lectures and the performance of classical works. It is as absurd to expect music to be cultivated in any high degree, minus these practical resources, as it would be to expect astronomy to be studied without an observatory, or chemistry without a laboratory. Not until we hear of such steps being taken can we hope that music will take its proper and ancient place among the Faculties, or its representatives hold a duly recognized rank in the "aristocracy of learning." While Sir Robert Stewart at Dublin, and Sir Herbert Oakeley, at Edinburgh, are fostering, by their presence and example, the art and its interests at those universities, English musicians have a right to ask for more downright earnestness and activity in the same direction at Oxford and Cambridge.

LA MUSIQUE AUX PAYS-BAS.¹

Among the numerous works connected with music which have of late years been issued from the press, a prominent place must be assigned to M. Edmond Vander Straeten's book entitled *Music in the Low Countries*, and at present in course of publication. Already most favorably known as a learned musicologist, M. Vander Straeten has by this latest production from his pen more than maintained his deservedly high reputation. The fifth volume now offered the public is even more interesting than the four volumes which preceded it, and bears abundant testimony to the patient research and conscientious zeal of its clever author. To use a vulgar but expressive saying, it is as full of matter as an egg is full of meat.

Mankind never, perhaps, stands perfectly still, but at no period, probably, has its progress been so marked and so rapid as during the last few years. This is exemplified not only by the electric light, monster steamships, sewing machines, and telephones, but by the improvement manifested in the way of treating intellectual subjects, such as that now occupying M. Vander Straeten's attention. In a note addressed to the Royal Academy of Belgium, on the 6th February, 1851, that is to say very nearly thirty years ago, M. Fétis, senior, said: "There can be no doubt that a good and solid history of Belgian music is to-day a possibility." By the way, it may be remarked that, as a rule, doubt, especially in relation to his own powers, was an element unknown to Fétis, senior, who, like the Prime Minister of whom Sydney Smith spoke, would, we are inclined to believe, had the chance been offered him, have willingly accepted the command of the mail-steamer and dingy, which about constitute the Belgian fleet. Commenting on the opinion enounced by M. Fétis, M. Vander Straeten inquires what, at that period, had research done for religious music, folk's-songs, the musical instrument trade, the *maîtrises* in the churches, vocal competitions, the *ménéstrandies* or corporations of minstrels, operas, or the private and professional life of prominent native composers and virtuosos? What archives had

¹ *La Musique aux Pays-Bas*. Par M. Edmond Vander Straeten, &c. Bruxelles chez Van Trigt, Rue Saint-Jean, et chez Schott frères.

then been explored, with regard to these subjects, at Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, Ypres, Tournai, Liège, and numerous other populous and industrial centres, where there is an almost endless abundance of documents belonging to collegiate institutions, abbeys, communes, and guilds? Fétis believed, as M. Vander Straeten observes, that with the help of a few interesting facts, picked up here and there, and a collection, mostly exotic, of books, amassed with a patience certainly deserving the highest praise, he would be able to build up a musical history as important, complex, and difficult as that of the Netherlands. "What an enormous error!" says our author. "He was only at the commencement of the task to be executed and he thought he had reached the end. He had merely turned over the surface of the ground, and he already beheld an exhaustless mine!" From the above remarks, which, though severe, are merited, the reader may easily picture to himself the spirit animating M. Vander Straeten. We must add that the latter's ability and zeal worthily second his perseverance and enthusiasm. His examination of the dusty records of past ages, his ransacking of ancient archives, and his eager perusal of monkish chronicles, have yielded him a rich store of materials, a portion of which he has fashioned in the fifth volume of *La Musique aux Pays-Bas* into five chapters, headed respectively: 1, Van Helmont (Adrien-Joseph), or Popular Songs; 2, Monte (Philippe de), or the Imperial Flemish Chapel at Vienna; 3, De Croes (Henri-Jacques), or the Royal Chapel at Brussels under Prince Charles of Lorraine; 4, Monequé (Antoine), or Musical Bibliography; and 5, De Sany (Théodore), or the Glory of the Chimes. Such are the matters set forth, explained and illustrated in the five chapters. As the limited space at our disposal forbids our entering into details, we must content ourselves with praising generally M. Vander Straeten's latest contribution to musical literature, by cordially recommending it, and by saying with old Montaigne: "C'est icy un livre de bonne foy, lecteur." — *London Musical World*.

MUSICAL CHATS.

BY GEORGE T. BULLING.

NEW SERIES. II.

I think there is nothing in the world which bespeaks a narrower mind, than the blind and absolute worship of old masters in music, and the utter ignoring of the new. Bowing down to old fossils while we wilfully forget the living and breathing life round about us, is equal to burying our head in the sand, ostrich-like, so that nobody may steal a march on us. Let us treat both new and old with equal respect. We must not, however, place Wagner ahead of Mozart, for instance, purely by reason of the newness of his musical ideas. He has only created a new era in music for his successors to alter and prune down, just as he is pruning down, or, should I say, embellishing the music of the masters who lived before him. He is a greater scientist in music than he is musician. He is intensely original as well as originally intense by nature. The beautiful compositions of his earlier years, which he now disowns, were the outcome of his original nature.

His later works exhibit the intensity of the scientific side of his nature. Yet, no fair-minded man will deny that Wagner will do great good for music. It will be a battle of the same ever-contesting forces — the physical and the spiritual. It is impossible to deny that Wagner aims at highly physical effects, and has dogged will-power and strong intellect to force those effects on men's minds. But, the physical must wither and die, while the spiritual lives on forever. Just as sure as his ideas and effects are invested with this indispensable spirituality, they will live. If they are merely physical, they are doomed to die. His music-dramas appeal to the eye and to the ear. His blare and crash of brass in the orchestra must certainly be looked upon as an effect calculated to startle the ear, rather than appeal to the more delicate musical feelings of the listener. His great aim seems to be to envelop everything in an exciting mystery, even from the mythical subjects of his music-dramas, down to placing the orchestra out of sight, and doing likewise with melody itself. That simplicity which is the birth-mark of true and pure art, does not seem to belong to Wagner's music. But let us listen attentively to the compositions of the startling innovator, we may learn something from them.

The law of association of ideas acts a prominent part in music. Most of us have experienced that two or three notes from a strain of music will be sufficient to start within us a long train of remembrance, sad or sweet, as the case may be. This accounts, in a measure, for the personal likes and dislikes for certain compositions which individuals so frequently exhibit. A man may dislike a certain work simply because it has certain associations connected with it which are unpleasant for him to recall. In this connection, the perfumes of flowers have an analogous effect on human beings. There are strong individual associations connected with them. They, too, like music, vividly excite the memory and imagination, and the measure of their effect is usually governed by the extent of the poetic susceptibility of the individual concerned. On most fine poetic organizations, the perfume and sight of beautiful flowers has an effect akin to that wrought by sweet music, or the contemplation of grand works in painting and sculpture. Such effect has its physical attributes, which are by no means necessarily sensual. The deep lover of nature must possess strong poetic sensibilities, and, therefore, usually has a sincere appreciation of art. The man who loves the perfume and sight of flowers is pretty sure to be a music-lover. The artistic organization which does not appreciate beauty in all the multifarious phases of nature and art, is more or less incomplete. Of course, in a man, the burden of his appreciation will be held by that branch of nature or art toward which he has a special leaning. If his soul and mind be eminently musical, the contemplation of nature or works of painting and sculpture will suggest to him musical feelings, and even ideas. If he be a painter, his listening to grand music, or his contemplation of the inspiring scenes of nature, will stimulate him to new exertions in his special field of art. Hence comes the positive advantage to an artist of living in a distinctly artistic atmosphere. Here he will be surrounded by everything that will tend to develop his genius. He must possess an eminently broad soul which will grasp every thought and subtle suggestion, and yet focus them all to the aggrandizement of the special branch of art for which he lives and labors. Therefore, an artist should not live too exclusively shut up in his own art, but ought to exist more or less for all art and all nature. The bee gathers sweet succulence from many flowers, and yet devotes it all to the luscious honey. The musician who knows little or nothing outside of music, sadly belies his title. The limits

for his adequate musical education, extend far beyond the line of music proper. He may become a wanderer in many lands, and yet return to the home of his heart with greater joy and understanding than ever.

THE DEATH OF OFFENBACH.

Jacques Offenbach, the best known of the three representative composers of opera bouffe, is dead. Hervé and Lecocq remain. There is a popular notion that Offenbach was the creator of this flippant school of music, but this is an error. Hervé was the real founder, and brought out his earlier works, which were in one act, in little café concert-halls. They were full of drollery, bizarre scenes, and rollicking music, and the libretti were suggestive and humorous. They soon became the rage, and all Paris heard them with acclaim. His success brought Offenbach into the field, and later Lecocq. Hervé did not write his larger works, like "L'Éil Crevé," "Chilperic," and "Le Petit Faust," until Offenbach had thoroughly seized upon and developed his ideas, and the school of opera bouffe was permanently established. In reality, Offenbach's "Orphée aux Enfers," the first of his works, was the death-blow to Hervé's popularity, and afterwards Lecocq, with his "Les Cent Vierges," "La Fille de Mme. Angot," "Girofle-Girofla," "Le Petit Duc," "La Camargo," and other works, helped to dim the lustre of Hervé's success, though he was a better musician than either of the other two. Hervé's fame was local to Paris. Offenbach spread the reputation of opera bouffe all over the world, and thus it is that his name is the most closely identified with it.

Offenbach was born at Cologne, June 21, 1819, and was a Jew. Had he been a German it is doubtful whether he would ever have located himself in Paris and made for himself a reputation in a school of opera which has not a German characteristic in it. Germany has no writers in this school. Von Suppé is often called the German Offenbach, though there are no points of similarity between the two. Suppé's operas more nearly resemble the opera comique. There is nothing of the bouffe flavor about them. For two years, Offenbach studied in the Paris Conservatory, and in 1847 was appointed leader of the band, as Barbereau's successor, in the Théâtre Français. His first works were mere trifles, set to the fables of La Fontaine, and showed that he had an aptitude for pleasant, jingling melodies. The only legitimate reputation which he made was as a violoncello soloist, and his love for that instrument may be seen by the effective manner in which he uses it in his scores. In 1855, he became director of the Bouffes Parisiennes, where his earliest works, "Les Deux Aveugles," "Bataclan," and "Trombal-Cazar," were produced, but these were mere trifles. Not long after he assumed the directorship he made the acquaintance of Meilhac and Halevy, then rising dramatists, and they conceived the idea of going into ancient mythology and reducing the gods and goddesses to the condition of the modern farce. They commenced with the legend of Orpheus searching through Hell for Eurydice, in which the entire group of the Olympian deities is modernized, both dramatically and musically, in the most ridiculous manner. The piece was an instant success, and "La Belle Hélène" followed, which was a laughable travesty of life in the royal household of the King of Sparta, in which these ancient heroes appear in a manner anything but stately or dignified. "Orpheus," which is his best work, ran 300 nights. "La Belle Hélène" was brought out in 1864, and first made Mme. Schneider famous. "Barbe Bleue" was the third opera of his writing. It was produced in 1866,

but it was lacking in brilliancy as compared with its predecessors and has never been a great success.

His rivals already began to charge that he had written out, but in the next year he astounded them all and made his name known the world over with "*La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein*." It was a travesty on the Spanish Court, and it is said to have actually assisted in driving Isabella from the throne. Be this as it may, its coquettish Duchess, bombastic General, intriguing courtiers, and ridiculous army commended themselves instantly to popular favor. Its music was unlike his other works. Its melodies were very taking, its instrumentation very brilliant, and its spirit of burlesque keen, sharp, rollicking, and excruciatingly droll. There is not a song in all his writing that can compare with the "Dites lui" for real beauty, unless it be the "Serenade" in "*Genevieve de Brabant*," and there is not a situation in any of his operas that can compare with the conspiracy of *Gen. Boum*, *Baron Grog*, and *Prince Paul* in the *Duchess's* apartments, in drollery, and in the happy reflection of the sentiment of the text in the music. Schneider made a triumph in the title rôle. All Paris rushed to see it. It was played in twenty-three French theatres at one time. It traveled over Europe like wildfire. It crossed the water a year afterwards and soon went the length and breadth of our own country. It was whistled and sung on the streets. It was played on every piano and hand-organ. The bands caught it up. Innumerable potpourris appeared. It infected opera-goers, and the decline of the legitimate opera began with its advent here. It was kept alive with fresh actresses, who excelled each other in vulgarity and positive indecency. It heralded the coming of the spectacle and the leg drama. So fascinated were people with its lively numbers that they forgave even the bestiality of a *Tostée*.

"*La Grande Duchesse*" brought Offenbach to the summit of his fame. He has written numerous operas since, among them "*Genevieve de Brabant*," "*La Perichole*," "*La Princesse de Trebizonde*," "*Les Brigands*," "*Le Roi Carotte*," "*La Vie Parisienne*," "*Les Braconniers*," "*Madame Favart*," and numerous others, but in all of them he repeats himself. The vein in which he worked has yielded little since "*La Grande Duchesse*." There is every indication that opera bouffe has had its day, and none stronger than the tendency of the opera bouffe troupes to take up the works of the opera comique and even legitimate operas for performance. It was the fashion of a period, — a fashion which for a time did great harm to legitimate music, corrupted the popular taste, and at least did not benefit public morals. Its day has passed, however, and now that its representative writer is no more it will pass from the stage still more rapidly. The most that can be conceded to Offenbach is facility in lively melodies, agreeable dance rhythms, and a harmony that has some superficial brilliancy. His first four or five works were strong in these effects. The others have kept the stage by means of coarseness and suggestiveness in the dramatic situations and lavish displays of personal charms on the stage. But these in their turn have ceased to attract, and without them opera bouffe is tedious and dry. Much as we may admire Offenbach's humor, his industry, and his thorough and keen appreciation of burlesque, he has written nothing that will live, nothing that has made the world better, nothing that has refined or elevated music. His name as well as his music will soon be forgotten. — *Chicago Tribune*.

A FRENCH VIEW OF WAGNER.

The distinguished French *littérateur*, M. Henri Blaze de Bury, includes, in a recently published

volume, a paper on Richard Wagner and the so-called Music of the Future. M. Blaze de Bury is a man of very decided opinions, which do not form themselves upon the popular model. As to music, at all events, he is far from being, in thought and in feeling, a typical Frenchman, since he never hesitates to attack the most distinguished French composers with a vivacity and point that, to an onlooker, are quite refreshing and edifying. When such a man speaks about Wagner, his remarks, whatever their actual value, cannot fail to be of interest, and on the strength of this assurance we ask attention to the substance of his paper on the Bayreuth master.

The writer begins by repeating a conversation he once had with Meyerbeer on the subject of Richard Wagner. The theme was far from pleasant to Meyerbeer, who could not hear Wagner's name pronounced without a disagreeable sensation which he, ordinarily discreet in such matters, took no pains to conceal. M. Blaze de Bury's words are, that "the name of the author of '*Tannhäuser*' and '*Lohengrin*' had upon Meyerbeer the effect of a dissonance" — a result hardly to be wondered at, perhaps, even by those who look for its cause no further than the pages of "*Oper und Drama*." On one occasion Meyerbeer rallied M. Blaze de Bury for being reticent about Wagner, and then ensued the following dialogue: —

B. "The music of the future, you know my opinion — it is '*Don Giovanni*,' '*Fidelio*,' '*Guillaume Tell*,' '*Der Freischütz*,' '*Les Huguenots*.' There is not an idea in the pretended theories of Wagner that has not been worked out in advance by Beethoven, Weber, Rossini, and yourself. But, on the other hand, there are many things in '*Fidelio*,' '*Der Freischütz*,' '*Guillaume Tell*,' and '*Le Prophète*,' which Wagner and his school have left out of their system, because they could not use them in their scores. However" —

M. "Ah! there is a 'however'?"

B. "Yes, maestro, for me at least, who have seen so many knowing ones deceive themselves, and so many oracles of to-day confounded by the verdict of to-morrow."

M. "But the public! do you dispute that we have there a very important criterion?"

B. "Important, yes, but not infallible; witness '*Il Barbiere*' hissed at Rome, and the immortal '*Freischütz*' rejected at the *Odéon*."

M. "Then, according to you, a day is coming when Wagner's '*Tannhäuser*' will rank with those *chefs-d'œuvres*?"

B. "Please heaven such consequences will not follow. It is not sufficient to weary, provoke, and deafen the present in order to have a right of appeal from it to the future. . . . The author of '*Tannhäuser*' is revolutionary only in his theories, for his music presents nothing that Beethoven and Weber have not said, and said better. As is that music to-day, so it will be in ten years, in thirty years. It has no secrets to show, and that is why I reproach it. You read as in an open book its merits and its defects — merits, alas! negative; defects without character — good sometimes, tiresome often, unintelligible never. . . ."

After this prologue, which is perhaps open to the complaint that Meyerbeer did so little of the talking, M. Blaze de Bury addresses himself to his argument.

Our author begins with a laugh at Wagnerian pretensions. To claim for Wagner the highest personification of art, present and future, is, he says, "one of the pleasantries which should be left to men gifted with skulls hard enough to make a breach in the sacred temples of the old masters" — men such as he who recently was so good as to say that "Mozart's operas are still of some value, and worth preserving." Refer-

ence is then made to Wagner's embodiment of the genius of poetry and music in one person. Here M. Blaze de Bury hits out. "At one time," he tells us, "Wagner thought himself a simple poet, and wrote dramas in verse which no one would play. Finding that poetry treated him hardly, he turned to music. 'You prevent me from making a small fortune; be it so, Monseigneur, I will make a big one,' as the future Cardinal de Bernis said to the Minister who refused him a place. Had the young dramatist's piece succeeded the least in the world, Richard Wagner would have been content to remain a poet like others, without a thought of reforming an art, even the elements of which he had not, at that ingenuous epoch of life, troubled himself to master. O supreme power of Vocation! how many things explain themselves thus? I have cited the example of Cardinal de Bernis. Richard Wagner appears to me rather to resemble those misunderstood priests who found a religion through hatred of that which has not made them bishops. Sprung from a race of comedians, he scribbled tragedies, mixing up in a heap '*Hamlet*' and '*King Lear*.' One fine day, hearing Goethe's '*Egmont*' at Leipzig, with Beethoven's music, he thought that if some such music had been written for his piece, perhaps it would have been put on the stage somewhere. A disappointed poet; a musician by circumstances; a comedian by race — there you have all the man and all the artist."

Our author next deals with the "continuous melody," which expresses not only a situation but a word. This he accuses of making into a whole things intended to exist apart, each in its particular sphere, and to develop themselves according to their proper natures and end. M. Blaze de Bury strongly insists upon this distinction. "Music is one art, and poetry is another; which does not imply that, though perfectly separate, they ought not to approach each other. All good music has its poetry, as all good poetry has its harmony, its rhythm, its music; but each art keeps to itself its technical means, reserving them for employment in due time and place. . . . Did Schiller and Goethe, in creating their theatre, fancy themselves cutting out work for the musicians of the future. On the other hand, did Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, writing sonatas and quartets, in which poetry abounds, imagine themselves to be composing anything but music?" Protesting that music is sufficient unto itself, our author goes on to say: "A sonata of Beethoven's has no words; but that does not prevent it from having poetry. What clearness there is in this intimate dialogue of the master with his instrument! Follow the musical phrase and, better than the best verse, it enables you to understand the profound drama of humanity unrolling itself before you. No feature of the master's soul escapes you, you hear its most secret vibrations of joy and sorrow, its tenderness, its meditations, its frenzy, and when it laughs or weeps the expression remains always simple, always true; a moral altitude maintains itself. . . . But in the works of the poets, especially in their dramas, there is material with which music does not agree. Music assimilates to itself characters, passions, and situations; but long tirades disconcert it; the recitatives of *Telramond*, like those of *Thérèse*, terrify it. A few drops of essence suffice to perfume a vase; four words of love, jealousy, or anger, are enough for the development of a grand *morceau*." As to the supremacy of music and the composer, as compared with poetry and the poet, we read: "The moment music comes into play it commands, and the words obey. For proof, observe that, however bad the verse may be, it cannot affect the music; while the finest stanzas are unable to do anything on behalf of

music that is worthless. Such power has the musician that he can save the poem, if it be ridiculous, and destroy it, if it be sublime. Let the composer be Beethoven, and out of a *berquinde* springs 'Fidelio'; let him be Weber, and from the most incoherent, the most silly book of fables 'Euryanthe' disengages itself." Continuing the argument, our author denies the possibility of any such instantaneousness between word and note as Wagner's theory assumes. "In spoken language the words arrange themselves successively, and I perceive them only after the phrase is formed and my memory has collected them. Music, on the contrary, seizes me from the first note, and takes me along without leaving either the time or the power to return upon my steps. How can we hope to establish a complete union between forces so diverse?"

Taking as a text the remark of Ambros, that "if Wagner's principles become generally recognized and adopted as the laws of art, we may at once cry '*Finis musica!*'" M. Blaze de Bury discusses, in a very interesting manner, the question whether music has not reached the limit of its development. Here space does not allow us to follow him, but we may quote one passage which shows pretty clearly his view that the present is a time of decadence. After referring to the "joyous and cordial parody of the ancient régime," he says: "This is not the parody by which the actual theatre is poisoned. Modern burlesque humor kills the idea, and with the idea the man who has been inspired by it. They speak of reviving Gluck upon the stage, and we shall see what becomes of 'Iphigenia,' 'Orpheus,' 'Eurydice' developing their grand pantomime, and their serene majesty, before an assembly saturated with cynical jokes, and still warm with the refrains of 'La Belle Hélène.' 'The music of the future! here it is,' said Rossini, one day pointing to a score of that repertory, comparable to certain plants, rank, entangled, that cover the surface of a lake, and keep from its waters, once transparent and profound, the light that comes from on high. Enthusiasm, respect for beautiful and holy things, we have renounced, but in return we scoff, sneer, and gambol to a marvel, and if we do not lift our hands towards heaven, we lift our legs in turning wheels." If the music of the burlesque theatre be one form of the music of the degenerate future, our author asserts that there is another—the music of Bayreuth, and "the more foolish of the two may not be that generally supposed." "Look on the side of the Fichtelgebirg, to the little town where lived the honest, modest, excellent Jean Paul; there dwells, enshrined in his presumption, a man who believes himself the Deity, and to whom his faithful priests never cease to sing mass. He thrones himself in his Walhalla among giants, Norns, and Walkyries, and when he has finished talking to Odin, he proposes to himself a task—strange, unlikely, even for a god—to correct Beethoven and amend Gluck. . . . Alphonse X., King of Castile and Leon, was fond of saying, 'If God had done me the honor to consult me, many things in creation would be better than they are.' So reasons this personage. 'In Beethoven's place, I should have done thus,' and without more ceremony he gives to the clarinets the part of the oboes, cuts, writes over, adds to, and generally treats the text as though it were the work of a pupil. . . . To correct Beethoven and amend Gluck is less the effort of a great mind misled than of a Prudhomme."

The author professes to discover in Wagner much adroitness in turning the flank of difficulties, and much skill in, by a move of the hand, making riches out of poverty. "No one knows better than he the defects in his cuirass, and hence his habit of getting inside the mailed coat of legendary heroes, assured, in advance, of

public favor." More than this, he diverts public criticism from his music to his theory, and appeals from the present to the future, which has no voice wherewith to condemn. "To address the future is always a convenient thing, and it costs little to proclaim truths which cannot be contradicted by experience. True art knows nothing of such pretensions as these."—*London Musical Times*.

A GERMAN EISTEDDFOD.

A month ago the narrow streets of the old city of Cologne were crowded with five or six thousand men—Belgians, Dutchmen, Switzers, and Germans, members of singing societies, who had come to take part in the Festival by which the Kölner Liederkrantz—the oldest singing-club in the town—celebrated its jubilee. The chances of travel found me at hand, and at ten o'clock on Monday morning I joined the crowd which was pouring into the Gürzenich, a fine old hall of the fifteenth century, broad and lofty, with noble roof of carved wood—our own Westminster Hall in miniature. At least three thousand people were packing themselves within this hall, filling not only every seat, but every inch of standing room. The heat was stifling, yet the interest was keen.

This was not the beginning of the Festival. On Saturday evening there had been a reception of visitors, and an instrumental concert. On Sunday morning the societies, arriving by train and steamer, had been marshalled in one long procession, which had paced the principal streets. Before the start, the Liederkrantz had sung Kreutzer's well-known part-song "It is the Sabbath Day." The procession over, the afternoon had been devoted to the preliminary competitions held simultaneously in five concert-halls, before juries made up from the twenty-two judges who were engaged for the occasion. Altogether there had been on Sunday eight competitions, in which no less than 118 Societies had taken part, and it was the eight victors who were now on this Monday morning to compete for a prize given by Her Majesty the Empress of Germany.

The orchestra, which was not large, was nearly filled with listeners; only a small vacant space in the centre marked the spot where the competing choir was to stand. In front of the orchestra, some yards back, was the judges' table, where I recognized the large and manly figure of the veteran Franz Abt, beside whom Ferdinand Hiller, short and round, was almost eclipsed. But who are these in gray jackets, a white cock's feather in their high felt hats, who file up on to the orchestra amid deafening applause? This is a Tyrolean choir from Innsbruck, and they sing with much delicacy and gentleness, the conductor guiding them with his hand merely. They are followed by the Cecilia Society of Godesburg, a Rhine-land village, which shows drill, but also a hardness of tone which more or less characterizes all the German choirs we hear. The next burst of cheers heralds an Amsterdam choir, in which we notice the fine basses—human bombardons—which seem to flourish only on the Continent. After another German choir comes the St. Nicholas Society of Liège, in Belgium, singing with a fire and force that was terrific, and a touch and attack that spoke of hours of patient and searching drill. A German choir from Nippes sang next, and then the Dresden Liedertafel, refined and smooth, showing culture more than force. The last was a second choir from Liège, the Cercle Chorale de Fragnée. Then came a few moments of eager expectancy. The vast audience stood waiting the verdict of the judges. It was soon given, and with a shout of "Dresden" the crowd made for the doors.

At five o'clock in the evening the hall filled again. Choirs which had won a first prize in previous Festivals, formed, in this Festival, a class by themselves, called the Highest International Honor-Class. These choirs were larger, and sang more difficult music than those we had heard in the morning. The choirs at the earlier competition had each sung a piece of their own selection; the five choirs which now entered the lists sang two pieces each,

one of them an "Hosanna" by Ferdinand Hiller, which occupied a quarter of an hour, and was crowded with difficulties. The minimum strength of choirs in this class was seventy, and the best of them showed largeness of effect, voluminous tone, with the precision, the ease, and the neatness of fine machinery. At half-past eight the verdict was given. The Verviers Choir (Belgian) took the first prize, the Chénée Choir (also Belgian) the second, and the Rotterdam Choir the third. Thus the Germans were left wholly out in the cold. The members of the Continental Singing Societies, as is well known, are but imperfect readers. Each part is rehearsed separately, and learnt by heart from the piano; the parts are then combined. One does not like to say anything which may seem to disparage the power of reading at sight, but this habit of memorizing produces the most finished and perfect results. English choirs, with one or two exceptions, do not know the meaning of "precision" as it is predicated of these foreign choirs. They have the altogetherness and the perfectly united movement which we find in a first-rate orchestra, the members of which have played together for years. Neither in attacking nor in leaving the tones, whether they be loud or soft, can individual voices be distinguished; all is blended and homogeneous. Short staccato chords are delivered like the volley firing of a crack regiment; it is "all at once and nothing first." The only fault which need be noticed is the tendency to force the voices at the expense of smoothness and pure tone. This is perhaps natural to men whose lungs are generally stronger than their throats.

The large audience greeted each choir as it ascended the platform with great cordiality, and applause, more or less vociferous according to the character of the singing, marked the conclusion of each piece. The first sign of every choir was a heavy banner richly embroidered with gold, and hung in most cases with many medals, which rattled against each other as the standard bearer advanced. This was followed by a small banner on which the name of the choir and the number of singers it contained stood out in clear white letters.

It is curious that in all the competitions the minimum, not the maximum, number of singers in each choir was fixed by rule. The result was that the choirs varied considerably in size. The mode of classifying the choirs was interesting. There were four classes for the German choirs, each of which had its prizes. The first class was for choirs from villages of less than 3,000 inhabitants, consisting of at least 20 singers. In the second class these numbers were raised to 10,000 and 25 respectively; in the third class to 25,000 and 35; in the fourth class the town must contain upwards of 25,000 inhabitants, and the choir at least 50 singers. The Belgian choirs were divided into two classes on the same plan, 20,000 inhabitants being the dividing line. The Dutch choirs, being few, were not divided. At the first blush this method of classification seems arbitrary, but one sees the justice of it on reflection, for large towns will naturally have a larger pick of singers, and ought, therefore, to produce larger and better choirs than the small towns. Pretty medals were cast in honor of the Festival and worn by most of the singers.

The conductors arrayed their men in very compact form, evidently counting much on this to promote solidity of style. With the exception of the Switzers, whose characteristic dress I have already noticed, the singers wore broadcloth. They clustered close around their conductor, and fixed their eyes on him while singing.

The etiquette of the Festival was interesting. No societies or individual singers belonging to Cologne were allowed to take part in the fray. They were in the position of hosts, and the competing societies were their guests. For each competition one of the city societies was told off as a "greeting choir" (*Begrüssende Verein*), and the proceedings invariably began with a chorus sung by the greeting choir. In every way this was a happy arrangement. It displayed the modesty of the Cologne societies, while it allowed the public to see how they could sing. The organization of the Festival was complete. Five committees managed

severally the music, the literature, the art, the lodgings, and the procession. The programme was a most carefully edited pamphlet of 144 pages, sold at the very low price of sixpence. It begins with a poem which gives vent to the feelings proper to the occasion. Then follow lists of officials, conditions, prizes, with the names of the honorary, active, and inactive members of the Cologne Liederkrantz. We then have a history of the Society from its foundation in 1855, to the present time, written in a somewhat mock-heroic tone, which must be excused at such a moment. The programme of the four days follows, and then the words of no less than 137 pieces which the different societies had chosen to sing. These were numbered, and the number being called out as each began, the words were easily found. The last section of the book is occupied with lists of the members of all the competing societies.

On Tuesday morning the winning choirs assembled for the distribution of prizes by the mayor. There was some instrumental music, and the Liederkrantz sang Mendelssohn's "Festgesang." But on Monday afternoon and evening the great majority of the choirs left the town. As the day wore on they crowded the railway station, and snatches of their songs mingled with the shrieking of the engines and the hissing of the boilers. The men who belonged to successful choirs wore in their hats a card with the word "Preis" written hurriedly upon it, and looked rather jaunty, while those who carried no label looked matter-of-fact. But all were in a good humor.

It is instructive to study a Festival of this sort, which fits so naturally into Continental habits, and yet would be utterly foreign to English ways. The first remark an Englishman makes, especially if he is married or hopes to be, is that these five or six thousand men represented probably an equal number of wives, present or future, left at home. To say nothing of musical advantage, the way in which English men and women take their pleasures together is surely better than the separation which prevails abroad. In England we hear men's-voice singing as a rare and delightful change from the prevalent mixed-voice singing. On the Continent the proportions are reversed. Now, men's-voice singing much sooner becomes monotonous than mixed-voice singing. The Germans themselves feel this. A German musical critic whose acquaintance I made during my subsequent stay at Bonn, spoke very disparagingly of the singing clubs, in which, he said, art was subordinated to beer. He regarded mixed-voice choirs as much better in every way. The reform, however, does not lie with the musicians to accomplish. The men's singing clubs are the expression of a social condition, and this must be changed if mixed choirs are to become common. — *Tonic Sol-Fa Reporter*, Oct. 1.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1880.

TREMONT TEMPLE CONCERTS.

ORGAN EXHIBITION. As a sort of prelude to the dedicatory oratorios and concerts in the new hall, there was a private exhibition, numerously attended, on Friday evening, Oct. 8, of the splendid organ built by Messrs. E. and G. G. Hook and Hastings to replace the one destroyed in the burning of the Temple. A description of the organ will be found below. The selections on this occasion were well suited to exhibit the qualities of the noble instrument, which contains 52 speaking registers and a total of 3,442 pipes.

The first part of the programme was purely classical and performed by Mr. B. J. Lang. That grand, full-flowing five-part Fantasia in G-major of Bach, with its sparkling prelude, which Mr. Lang used to play some years ago on the great organ of the Music Hall, was followed by an exquisitely sweet and tender movement from Bach's Pastorale in F. The former showed the

full organ, with its massive and well balanced harmonies, to good advantage. The latter was played upon a stop so soft and delicate, that, what with some noise around, we found it difficult to hear some parts of it. Then came one of Schumann's fugues on the letters of Bach's name; but not the improvisations or a theme from Bach set down in the programme.

Mr. S. B. Whitney, organist of the church of the Advent, in a Bach fugue in C, a Fantasia in three movements by Berthold Tours, transcriptions of the Vorspiel to *Lohengrin* and other things from Wagner, and a transcription of his own Vesper Hymn, put the organ through its paces as an orchestral and solo instrument. A great variety of voices of bright and individual character and color were exhibited,—more of the brilliant than of the subdued and tender, as it seemed to us, like the shine of fresh paint,—but great distinctness, and prompt outspokenness. The "Stentorphone" and "Tuba Mirabilis" (8 ft. pipes), which he casually let loose, were tones of startling solidity and loudness, such as might wake the dead. But if excess of brilliancy is too much the prevailing character of the organ, probably there is much which time and use will mellow and subdue and sweeten.

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH" was given on the formal opening night (Monday, Oct. 11.) by the Handel and Haydn Society, Mr. Zerrahn conducting, and Mr. Lang at the organ, as usual. The chorus of the Society, about one hundred short of its usual number on account of the limitation of the stage, was well displayed upon the curving tiers of seats in front of the elegant and cheerful architecture of the organ, and the orchestra occupied the space in the middle, the whole being brought so far out into the auditorium, that everything was clearly heard. It was as a whole a very spirited and excellent performance. The choruses came out with uncommon unity and promptness of attack, sharpness of outline, and a ringing, rich ensemble. The shading, too, was good, and the accompaniment for the most part felicitous. Miss Lillian Bailey, who sang here for the first time since her studies in Paris, and her successful career in England, took the soprano solos; and, considering her youth, and the yet juvenile though much improved quality of her voice in firmness, evenness and fullness, acquitted herself most creditably. In the scene "There were shepherds" one missed of course the grand power and nobility of the great sopranos we have heard in that, like Jenny Lind, Nilsson and others; but the young lady's tones are pure and clear as a bird, her intonation faultless, and all the exacting arias were well studied and agreeably sustained with good style and expression. Miss Emily Winant's rich contralto voice seemed richer and more satisfying than ever before; she sang with unaffected, simple truth of feeling. Mr. Wm. J. Winch, somehow, was not at his best in the tenor airs and recitatives. Mr. M. W. Whitney gave the bass solos in his grandest voice, and with rare spirit and effect. The chorus singing frequently roused the audience to enthusiasm. But the audience was only moderate in numbers. The greater part of it occupied the cheaper seats in the vast upper end balcony,—the best place undoubtedly for hearing; but the heat and want of ventilation there were complained of as intolerable. This, we presume, can be remedied.

THE PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA, of forty instruments, B. Listemann conductor, gave the second of these concerts on the following (Tuesday) evening. At the hour announced for the beginning, half-past seven, scarcely any audience had presented itself. At about ten minutes before eight, people began to pour in, about half filling the floor; the great

end gallery we could not observe from the back of the floor, where we sat waiting until after eight for the musicians to appear upon the stage, a searching, cold, pneumonia draught the meanwhile sweeping through the open doors behind us (how much more safe and comfortable the side entrances of the Music Hall!), so that one of the prime conditions of yielding one's self up heartily and freely to the influence of music, however excellent, was wanting. This was one of those little drawbacks incident to the first trials of a new hall, which we trust time will correct.—Mr. Listemann's orchestra appeared to be thoroughly trained, and gave a satisfactory rendering of what we dared to stay and hear of the following programme:

Overture, "Leonore," (No. 3)	Beethoven
Introduction to "Lohengrin"	Wagner
Violoncello solo, "Fantasie Melodique"	C. Schubert
Mr. Alexander Heindl.	
Serenade and allegro (with orchestra)	Mendelssohn
Mr. Otto Bendix.	
Remember now thy Creator	Rhodes
Ruggles St. Church male quartet.	
Two Slavonic dances	Dvorak
Melodie, "Säterjentens Löndag"	Ole Bull
(Arranged for string orchestra by Svendsen.)	
Miniature march	Tschaikowski
Saxophone solo (air Tyrolienne Varié)	Leo Chie
Mr. Eustach Strasser.	
Polonaise in E	Liszt
Piano solos, Prelude	Chopin
Rhapsodie	Liszt
Mr. Otto Bendix.	
When evening's twilight	Hatton
Ruggles St. Church male quartet.	
Concert waltz, "The Village Swallows"	Strauss

Mr. Heindl's 'cello solo was artistically played; and Mr. Bendix gave a clean and graceful rendering of the *Serenade and Allegro gioioso* of Mendelssohn. The selections of the church male quartet were rather monotonous and commonplace, but were sung with sweetly blended voices, in a style refined almost to sentimentality, after certain more experienced models.

MENDELSSOHN'S "ELIJAH," again by the Handel and Haydn Society, drew a considerably larger, but no means a full audience on Wednesday evening. Again we had a spirited and careful rendering of this popular oratorio as a whole. There was a change of solo vocalists. Miss Fanny Kellogg, to whom were entrusted the principal soprano arias, seems to have gained in volume and in carrying power of voice, and sang with intelligence and fervor, and with much declamatory force. Miss Winant, the only soloist in the preceding cast, sang "Oh rest in the Lord" in a manner most impressive. We have heard nothing more beautiful in its way for a long time; and all her part was equally satisfactory, she bearing off the chief honors of the evening. Mr. Charles R. Adams gave the first tenor recitative and aria: "If with all your hearts," with that artistic perfection of style, enunciation, and expression, which is always his so long as his voice is free from hoarseness. Through this air it served him well, but became somewhat clouded afterwards, although "Then shall the righteous shine" was superbly sung. Mr. John F. Winch appears to have studied lately to some purpose, for he was in great voice, and sang with more freedom and energy than he was wont to manifest. The assistants in the quartets and angel trio were Miss Lucie Homer, Mrs. C. C. Noyes, Mr. G. W. Want, and Mr. D. M. Babcock. All rendered good service.

It was on the whole an unfavorable week for a series of grand concerts, particularly in an unaccustomed hall. Many of the most musical families were still out of town; there was too much politics in the air and in anxious patriotic minds; beautiful evenings and a reluctance to give up the summer's fascinating freedom, etc., etc., all together proved too strong for the charmer, music, to overcome.

MR. OLIVER KING'S CONCERTS.

This young man of twenty-four, pianist to the Princess Louise of Canada, is devoting his holidays, during the absence of the Princess in Europe, to making himself a little known both as pianist and as orchestral composer in the States. He was born in London, and studied first with Barnby, afterwards for four

years at Leipzig, where his piano concerto, dedicated to Reinecke, was produced at the annual *Hauptprüfung* at the Conservatory.

His first concert here, on Monday evening, Oct. 11, was unfortunate in want of management. The evening was badly chosen, being that of the *Messiah* at the Temple. The place was badly chosen; the great Music Hall, not a quarter filled, and mostly with unmusical deadheads, recruits at the last moment evidently, — people who went out in the middle of a piece, slamming the doors behind them, — must have had a chilling influence upon the young artist. Yet he carried through his very classical programme, with the assistance of Miss Fanny Kellogg in some songs, with the amiable patience of a saint, and managed to prove himself an accomplished interpreter of such works as Liszt's transcription of Bach's G-minor Fantaisie and Fugue, a Prelude and Toccata by Lachner, Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E-minor, the "Carnaval" scenes of Schumann, the Ballade in A-flat of Chopin, the "Wilde Jagd," by Liszt, besides a tender and graceful "Legend," by himself. Mr. King has a clear and brilliant touch, a fluent execution, and plays like an intelligent musician, perfectly at home and at ease in his work. The chief fault was uniformity, the same unflagging, unimpassioned, even energy throughout, not wanting in freedom, grace or accuracy, but in fire. He played all from memory.

His second concert (Friday evening) was remarkable as offering three of his own compositions in large form, with orchestra: a piano concerto in three movements, a symphony in five movements (never performed before), and a concert overture. This was a courageous undertaking for so young a man. Of course there was the disadvantage of a brief rehearsal; but Mr. Listemann and his orchestra gave it their best care, and it was evident that the young composer had the sympathy of the musicians. It was at least shown that he had made earnest studies. He knows how to compose, how to shape a thing in regard to form, how to develop themes; and he understands the use of the orchestra. In spite of crudities, of youthful extravagancies, of leanings here and there toward Liszt and Wagner, we found the works interesting; the overture particularly, which is perfectly clear and symmetrical, composed of three distinct subjects, in marked contrast to each other, and all three worked out together to the end.

In all these compositions he shows no lack of ideas and resources, but he is not always so successful in the products as he is in this overture and in the finale of the Symphony, which is clear, original, and beautiful. The first Allegro is in strict sonata form, to be sure, and has interesting themes, yet somehow, as it went on you could fancy yourself in the middle of some Lisztian Symphonische Dichtung. The short Andante was pleasing and idyllic. The Allegro Scherzando (in 6-8 measure) was of the wildest, most audacious in its sudden contrasts — no luck here of fire! The Adagio was more than we could fathom; very long, obscure, monotonous it seemed, abounding in close, chromatic, creeping harmonies, and altogether modern. The Concerto was to us the least satisfactory of the three works. It has brilliant passages, which he played brilliantly, but, taken as a whole, we felt a lack of clear and positive intention. It is, however, absurd to pass any judgment on such works after a single hearing; they have merit enough, at all events, to entitle them to a nearer acquaintance and examination. Certain faults of instrumentation were more than once apparent. For instance, the tiresome, persistent Wagnerian *squeal* of the violins upon very high tones; sudden eruptions of trombones, etc., vanishing as suddenly; and, worst of all, the pervading restlessness, the want of repose, which is so characteristic of the new school of music. But Mr. King has talent, perhaps something more; and he is so earnest a musician, so well read and trained, and so appreciative of Bach and Beethoven, that we confidently expect something better from him. He is modest, open and ingenuous, as well as earnest; and he has already won respect and sympathy here among those whose appreciation is worth having.

The concert was relieved by some artistic and effective harp performances by Mme. Chatterton-Bohrer. Her rendering of a Gavotte by Gluck was particularly edifying after a restless modern symphony.

THE NEW TREMONT TEMPLE AND ITS ORGAN.

The reconstructed Temple has been opened and used as a hall for music during the whole of the past week. There was a private exhibition of the new organ, one of the very finest in the city, on Friday evening of the week before, and many per-

sons were invited to go over the whole building on the following (Saturday) evening and inspect its many beauties and conveniences. On Monday (Oct. 11) and Wednesday evenings the oratorios of the *Messiah* and *Elijah* were performed; on Tuesday there was an orchestral concert by Mr. Listemann's Philharmonic orchestra; on Friday evening, a popular concert; and on Saturday a children's matinée. Of the first three we speak elsewhere. We deem it unwise to form an opinion of the acoustic qualities of a great hall, as compared say with the Music Hall, before we have had time enough to begin to feel perfectly at home in it. There are always numerous little drawbacks and confusing circumstances in the first trial of a brand new hall, — a certain sense of rawness, however brilliant its aspect, and however distinctly every sound asserts itself within its walls. This commonly wears off in time, as all that speaks to eye and ear gets gradually toned down and harmonized. In the matter of sound, in fact, we have often imagined that it must be with music halls as it is with violins, that it requires time and use to bring all the vibrations into sympathetic accord. We must say, however, for the present, that we found the hall extremely beautiful, and that the sounds of instruments and voices came out clear and brilliant. We missed the amplitude and simple grandeur which we feel on entering the Boston Music Hall, and we miss, of course, the thousand musical associations, the inspiring memories of musical experiences such as we can hardly hope to ever have surpassed, which hang about those noble walls. The new hall, in spite of its elegance, still seems a little cramped and stiff to us in comparison with it. And we fear that the problem of making it seat an equal number of persons with the Music Hall has been only solved by too close packing, while the enormous depth of the end upper gallery, and the great width of the side galleries contracts the main hall so that the sense of spaciousness is wanting. Yet we have little doubt, that, next to the Music Hall, it is one of the very finest halls for music in this country. — But let experience report of it from time to time. Meanwhile we borrow a description from the *Daily Advertiser*:

There was little in the appearance of the reconstructed Tremont Temple, as it was opened for the first time last evening for a private exhibition of the new organ, to remind one of the old Temple that has been only a memory for more than a year; not always a fragrant memory, either, as one thinks of it dingy, sombre, ill-ventilated, and so difficult of entrance and egress. Very few persons went up the steep, narrow stairs which led to the gallery without a moment of suffocation as the thought flashed across them what would be their probable fate in case of a fire. Such ugly thoughts were stifled as soon as possible, although they had a very uncomfortable way of obtruding themselves at intervals during an evening. It was fortunate that when the fire did come it was at a time when no one was in the trap. With the new building everything is most radically changed, and there is no place in the city which can be cleared more readily in case of fire or panic. The halls and corridors are wide, with doors opening into them at short spaces, and there are three stairways leading from the second gallery to the floor. The entire building can be emptied in a few minutes, even of a crowded audience. This fact alone will tend to make it one of the most popular concert halls in the city, and its exquisite architectural beauty and artistic decoration will also aid in this direction. A double flight of easy marble steps leads from the street to the floor of the Temple. A handsome vestibule occupies the space between the stairways, and the ticket offices, of which there are two, are situated directly under the stairways. Out of the corridor at the head of the stairs the main hall opens. Nothing remains to remind of the old hall but the square outline, which is much the same, the coloring and arrangement are so different. The platform, which is lower than the old one, occupies nearly half the floor, but there is a semi-circle of seats in front and on either side of the organ, so that no space is lost by the depth of the platform. The organ occupies the entire end of the building, and is one of the handsomest organs ever seen in Boston. It is in the cathedral shape, is painted a delicate cream color, with exquisite decorations in dull gold; the pipes are of black tin, as bright as burnished silver, and in perfect accordance with the other coloring. While there is some beautiful carving, the general effect is of elegant simplicity. There are two balconies, each easy of access, and with numerous doors swinging outward. The front of the balconies is white, and is in a very pretty design. The chairs are of ash, covered with green leather. The coloring is particularly harmonious and restful. The walls are tinted a pale chocolate ground, and with this color buff and blue are used with the most charming effects. The ceiling shows panels of blue crossed off with heavy carved

beams in dark wood. Four large chandeliers with crystal jets and drops, and fourteen smaller ones in the same design, add lightness and brilliancy, while the side lights in the first balcony have also the crystal drops. A very little gilt is used, just enough to give life to the cooler tints, but not enough to become obtrusive. The corridors are tinted pale blue, all the wood-work being painted a soft, pale brown to harmonize. It is entirely unlike any other public building in the city, and certainly goes far ahead in the beauty of architecture and harmony of decoration. Mr. Carl Fehmer, the successful architect, has every reason to be proud of his achievement.

The Meisonan is as much altered for the better as the Temple itself; while the approach remains the same, yet the room itself has the appearance of being more "above ground," and it has been raised and well arranged for ventilation, and is now the very prettiest small hall in the city, and the best adapted for chamber and classical concerts, recitals, etc. A gallery surrounds three sides of the hall, which seats over two hundred persons. The decorations are chiefly in pale neutral tints, with here and there a touch of color; the chairs are of ash, with maroon leather covering, and the gas jets surround the eight ornamented columns which support the hall above. The work of rebuilding has been thoroughly done, and although the exterior remains unchanged, that is all that is left of the old Tremont Temple.

THE NEW ORGAN.

The new organ built by Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook & Hastings was privately exhibited last night before a large audience, in which the musical profession of Boston was largely represented. The organ is the fourth which the firm have built for the Temple, the two large ones which preceded it in 1846 and 1853 having been burned in 1852 and 1879 respectively. In the matter of size it is exceeded by several in this city. But so far as artistic completeness is concerned, regard being had for the avowed purpose of the builders — the production of an organ for concert use — and in thoroughness of construction, it is outranked by none. From the schedule which we print below it will be seen that brilliancy is the main feature of the instrument. In this respect it bears a strong resemblance to the most famous French organs, and it will be found especially adapted for the performance of transcriptions of orchestral compositions. The full list of registers is as follows:—

GREAT ORGAN.

16 ft. Open diapason, metal.	23 ft. Twelfth, metal.
8 " " " "	2 " Fifteenth, metal.
8 " Viola de gamba, metal.	4 " Rks. mixture, metal.
8 " Doppelflöte, wood.	4 " Rks. acuta, metal.
8 " Genshorn, metal.	16 " Trumpet, metal.
5 1/2 " Quint, metal.	8 " Trumpet, metal.
4 " Octave, metal.	4 " Clarion, metal.
4 " Flute harmonique, metal.	

SWELL ORGAN.

16 ft. Bourdon, wood.	4 ft. Rks. dolce cornet, metal.
8 " Open diapason, metal.	
8 " Salicional, metal.	16 " Contra fagotto, metal.
8 " Std. diapason, wood.	8 " Cornopane, metal.
8 " Quintadena, metal.	8 " Oboe (with bassoon), metal.
4 " Flauto traverso, wood.	
4 " Violina, metal.	8 " Vox Humana, metal.
4 " Octave, metal.	4 " Clarion, metal.
2 " Flautino, metal.	

CHOIR ORGAN.

16 ft. Lieblich Gedackt, wood.	8 ft. Melodia, wood.
8 " English open diapason, metal.	4 " Flute d'Amour, wood and metal.
8 " Geigen principal, metal.	4 " Fugara, metal.
8 " Dulciana, metal.	2 " Piccolo, metal.
8 " Std. diapason, wood.	8 " Clarinet, metal.
	8 " Vox angelica, metal.

SOLO ORGAN.

8 ft. Stentorphone, metal.	8 ft. Tuba Mirabilis, metal.
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PEDAL ORGAN.

16 ft. Open diapason, wood.	8 ft. Octave, wood.
16 " Dulciana, metal.	16 " Trombone, wood.
16 " Violone, wood.	8 " Trumpet, metal.
10 1/2 " Quintflöte, wood.	32 " Bourdon, wood.
8 " Violoncello, metal.	

There are fourteen couplers and other mechanical registers, and ten pedal movements and combinations, including a "grand crescendo" by means of which the whole organ may be brought on from the softest stop, and diminished at the will of the player. All the newest discoveries and inventions in the art of organ-building, including a water-engine for keeping the organ supplied with wind, have been made use of. The scale of the pedal organ is from C-1 to E-o, thirty notes, and of each of the manuals from C-o to C-4, sixty-one notes. Summing up its resources we find that there are 52 registers (besides the mechanical movements), which embrace 3442 pipes. Only those organists who have been permitted to play on the instrument can speak "by the card" of its action, but from one of them, at least, and a high authority, we have the most enthusiastic praise for its quick response. As for its sound, we can safely say that it gave great satisfaction to those who take most delight in brilliancy.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., OCT. 10. — I have neglected this correspondence a long time, and hereby apologize, offering as an excuse nothing better than summer laziness, and a dearth of important musical events. I

ought to qualify this latter statement, however, for I might have given you an account of Mr. W. S. B. Mathews's summer Normal at Evanston, where I had the honor of being a teacher. The full corps of teachers was as follows:

W. S. B. Mathews, Principal,—Lecturer on the Art of Teaching, and Musical History; Teacher of the Pianoforte and Musical Interpretation.

Wm. B. Chamberlain, A. M., Voice-Building, Singing, Elocution, Chorus Directing, and Song Recitals.

John C. Fillmore A. M., the Pianoforte, Harmony, and Counterpoint.

Calvin B. Cady, the Organ, Pianoforte, Harmony, and the Art of Teaching.

Miss Lydia S. Harris, Pianoforte Recitals, and Teaching.

Mrs. Julia E. Hanford, Voice-Building and Singing.

Miss Mary H. How (Contralto), Song Recitals and Solo Singing.

Wm. H. Sherwood (Virtuoso Pianist) in five Recitals—Aug. 12-17th.

The pupils of the school were not numerous, but their intelligence and their eagerness to learn made the work of teaching delightful. Then, whoever works with Mr. Mathews finds himself stimulated to his highest activity, and the best in him drawn out, so that the result of the whole was a musical and intellectual atmosphere such as I have not often found in this country. Mr. Sherwood (finally assisted by Mrs. Sherwood) gave us five noble programmes in a thoroughly admirable way, and the song recitals of Miss How and Mr. Chamberlain were also very valuable.

As for music here: We have a new violinist in Mr. Gustav Bach, son of our local orchestra conductor, Mr. Christopher Bach. This young man has just returned from three years study in Leipzig, and has given a concert in which he played the difficult Lipinski concerto, and two smaller pieces of his own composition, and made a most favorable impression both as executant, interpretative artist and composer. He was creditably assisted by his father's orchestra, and by local soloists.

The Heine Quartet announces a series of six recitals of chamber-music.

The Arion Club announces no concerts, but may give one or two by and by. They are now working privately, and I hear that Mr. Tomlins is training them vigorously.

The Musical Society has issued the following programme of its thirtieth season:

First Concert, Friday, Oct. 22.

Symphony by Joachim Raff, "Im Walde" (In the Forest), first time.

Scenes from the "Golden Legend."

Prize Composition by Dudley Buck, for Soli, Chorus and Orchestra.

First Soirée, Tuesday, Dec. 7.

Second Concert, Friday, Jan. 28, 1881.

"Odysseus," for Soli, Chorus and Orchestra, by Max Bruch.

Second Soirée, Tuesday, March 15.

Third Concert, Friday, April 22.

"Elijah," Oratorio by Mendelssohn, for Soli, Chorus and Orchestra.

The mixed chorus is composed of 120 members; the Grand Orchestra will number 60 performers.

Members have free admission to the general rehearsals. J. C. F.

CHICAGO, OCT. 15.—Since my last note to the *Journal*, there has been some controversy going on in the *Chicago Tribune*, in regard to the merits of Mr. Boscovitz as an interpreter of Chopin's music. There was considerable doubt expressed, by one writer, that Mr. Boscovitz was in reality a pupil of that master. This brought a reply from another writer, that Mr. Boscovitz took lessons of Chopin during the last year of the composer's life; Mr. Boscovitz being at that time eleven years of age. To a person outside of the musical circle these little controversies would seem very trifling. But they arise from the fact that musicians have allowed themselves to be badly managed, or that they follow false advice. To have a pianist advertise himself as a pupil of Liszt and Chopin, and to depend upon that statement to advance his claims to public attention, is a mistaken notion. We have had too many examples of people hiding in the shadow of another's greatness, and expecting to gain a reputation thereby. It matters very little to a public who the instructors of a musician may have been. The question they are interested in, is, what is the man himself; what are his talents and accomplishments? And by these alone will he rise or fall in the public's estimation. We have had a number of pianists who claim Liszt for a teacher, and I have never discovered that this fact made any difference in the estimation that the musical people made of them. A true artist will seek nothing but personal recognition, and this will come from the manifestation of his own powers. It is possible that even a pupil of Liszt might play

badly, and that a pianist who had been under the direction of Chopin might be mistaken in his interpretation of the great master's musical thoughts. It is far better, in these days, to stand or fall by one's own ability, than to gain notoriety by living in the shadow of another's fame. I have often thought, that in the art-world many musicians bring upon themselves the censure of the thinking people, simply by indulging in controversies of which there is not the slightest need. When a pianist appears in public we have nothing to do with his teachers, but we draw our estimation of him from his own performance. If he be a Rubinstein our admiration is unbounded, and if he is even a pianist of fair skill, we give him a measure of our praise, but he must be content to stand by himself, for thus alone will the world judge him.

The Liesegang-Heimeudahl String Quartet opened their season with a concert on Tuesday evening of this week. They played Mozart's quartet in E-flat, and the quintet of Schubert in C-major. Mr. Charles Knorr sang an air from the *Joseph* of Mehl. The playing of this club is very enjoyable, being marked by sympathy and correctness of balance. Quartet playing is very enjoyable when each musician is deeply in sympathy with the work to be performed, and plays with finish and a proper sense of feeling. Each player must be one part of a whole, and aim at a completeness of performance, which forbids anything like self being made a prominent element. Each instrument is made subordinate to the other, until they all agree in one purpose,—that of a perfect whole. Thus it is possible for the work to be rightly performed. In every musical composition of any real merit, there is an art-principle which connects every part into one perfect whole. It is in realizing this central idea, and making it understood by the listeners, that the power of the real musician is made manifest. To magnify one melody, or to intensify one part of the work, at the expense of the other portions, may indeed call the attention of an audience to one beauty, but it disfigures the art-form, which is intended to give the content and meaning of the composition when taken as a whole. A composition may have beautiful moments, but it must form also a beautiful whole, to be considered a complete work. Our little organization is beginning to realize the need of proper interpretations, and each member is sinking the idea of self, and is thus perfecting the quartet. They deserve praise for their true effort in behalf of correct quartet playing.

A pleasant concert was given last evening in Fairbanks Hall, which presented a varied programme, although mainly devoted to pianoforte music. Mrs. B. F. Haddoch, Misses Morton, Dutton, Mrs. Smith, Messrs. Clark, Boscovitz, Shafer and Baird, taking part. The programme contained some good music, and taken as a whole proved attractive. Mr. Emil Lieblich will shortly give the first of a series of pianoforte concerts. He will produce some of the modern works for the pianoforte and string instruments. The Apollo Club are rehearsing Rubinstein's "Tower of Babel," which will be performed at their first concert. It is a mighty work, and will require great endurance and skill on the part of the choruses, when a full performance is given.—But my letter lengthens. C. H. B.

LOCAL ITEMS.

BOSTON. Mr. John A. Preston gave the first of three Recitals on the new Tremont Temple organ, last Wednesday noon. His selections were interesting: 1. The great G-minor Fantasia and Fugue of Bach, which, though otherwise well played, he took at a fast tempo better suited to the piano, making the lower voices in the harmony not quite distinct. 2. Mendelssohn's Sonata in F-minor, beautifully rendered with fine combinations and contrasts of stops. 3. A very characteristic Rhapsodie in A-minor, by Saint-Saëns, new here, pastoral, romantic, quaint. 4. Chorus from Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*.—In the second recital, to-day noon, he will be assisted by Mr. George Chadwick, in a Fantasia for four hands, by Adolph Hesse. Last recital Wednesday next.

The Handel and Haydn Society's programme for the coming season, as far as made up, is as follows: Sunday, Dec. 26, "The Messiah," with Mr. W. C. Tower and Mr. George Henschel, as soloists; Jan. 30. Mozart's "Requiem Mass" and Beethoven's "Mount of Olives;" Good Friday, (April 15), Bach's "Passion Music," with Mr. W. J. Winch, Mr. J. F. Winch, and Mr. Henschel; Easter Sunday (April 18), an oratorio not yet decided upon. All of these concerts will take place in Music Hall.

The first concert of the Philharmonic Orchestra will be given Nov. 5, Mr. Franz Rummel appearing as piano soloist. There will be five concerts. See circulars at Music Hall, etc.

—The full programme of the first Harvard Symphony concert (Nov. 18), is as follows: Overture to "The Water-carrier;" *Cherubini*; Aria (first time) from *Handel's* opera "Alessandro;" Miss LILLIAN BAILEY; Seventh Symphony, *Beethoven*; three old Scotch and Irish songs, arranged by *Beethoven*, with piano, violin and cello accompaniment, Miss BAILEY; Overture to "Julius Cæsar" (first time), *Schumann*.

Second concert (Dec. 2): short Symphony in C, (first time here), *Haydn*; Piano Concerto, No. 2, in A, *Liszt*, Mr. MAX PINNER, of New York; short Symphony in A-minor, No. 2, first time *Saint-Saëns*; piano solos; overture to *Egmont*. The third concert (Dec. 16), will contain (second time) Prof. J. K. Paine's "Spring" Symphony; Violin Concerto, *Max Bruch*, played by Mr. T. Adamovsky; two short overtures to "Alceste," *Gluck* (first time), and to *Tito*, Mozart; and probably a vocal Aria.

Subscription lists for the eight concerts will remain open at the Music Hall and principal music stores until Nov. 8.

—Madame Cappiani has returned from her visit to the West, where she was cordially received, and where the demands upon her professional services occupied nearly all her time. She will divide her residence this winter between Boston and New York, having taken rooms in the latter city, at 351 Fifth Avenue, where she will receive her pupils on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday each week; meeting her pupils here on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays.—*Gaz.*

—Signor V. Cirillo, by the advice of his physicians, will spend the coming winter in Italy, where he will visit and thoroughly inspect the great schools of singing, and inform himself upon every new feature introduced into their courses of instruction within the last eight years.

Sig. Vanini, also, has been forced to return to Italy for health.

CAMBRIDGE.—The Harvard students having decided to rival the success of the Oxford students in producing a Greek play, looked about for some one who would undertake the leading part and finally found an excellent man in Mr. Riddle, who has undertaken to learn seven hundred lines of Sophocles's "Œdipus Tyrannus" before next May. The remaining characters will be taken by students. Though the work has but just started, it has received more than the necessary impetus by the intense interest already felt by professors and students. Professors White and Goodwin are to drill the actors in pronunciation; Professor Charles Eliot Norton will plan the costumes, with reference, of course, to strict historical accuracy: the one scene is to be designed and superintended by a prominent architect, and George Osgood will lead the chorus. Sanders Theatre is admirably adapted to a Greek play, and, if the plans are brought as near historical and dramatic perfection as they already promise, the production of "Œdipus Tyrannus" will be an epoch in the history of classics at Harvard.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

Mendelssohn composed no music to the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, and Prof. Paine has been invited to try his hand at it.

CINCINNATI. The directors of the College of Music, anxious to utilize their immense hall in every worthy way, now come forward with the announcement of a grand Opera Musical Festival, to be given by the College, with Col. J. H. Mapleson, during six days in February next, and "on a scale of magnificence unparalleled in this country or in Europe." The musical directors will be Sig. Arditi, Otto Singer, Max Maretzek, and concertmeister S. E. Jacobsohn. Orchestra of 100 musicians; mass chorus from Cincinnati, of 300 voices; great organ; "largest and most complete stage in the world;" and a long array of distinguished solo singers, including Mme. Gerster, Mlle. Valleria, Mlle. Belocca, Miss Annie Cary, Sigs. Ravelli (first appearance), Campanini and other tenors; Sig. Del Puente, Galassi, Monti, etc., etc. The repertoire includes *Lo-hengrin*, *Moses in Egypt*, (Rossini), *Fidelio*, Boito's *Mejstofele*, and the *Magic Flute*. It is called "The People's Opera," and the prices are put within the reach of the masses. We trust the best hopes will be realized, and that the interests of good music will be promoted by this novel festival.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE. The new Stadttheater was opened on the 18th October, in presence of the Emperor Wilhelm, with a *Festspiel*, written expressly for the occasion. The opera was *Don Juan*. The dramatic season will be inaugurated by a performance of Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*, got up on a scale of appropriate magnificence. The 18th of October was selected for the opening, because it is the anniversary of the battle of Leipzig and the birthday of the Crown Prince.

